

# The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

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I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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## A MILLIONAIRE IN THE RANKS.

No army, I suppose, ever contained such a variety of characters and conditions as that of the United States during the late war. There were men in it of almost every race and color; men of every rank—from French princes lineally descended from Henry IV. to the plantation slave; men of every degree of moral worth and unworthiness—from the patriot-hero giving his life for his country, to the plundering "bounty-jumper," who has since found a suitable home in a State's prison. Among other characters, the strangest, perhaps, was a private soldier who possessed an income of two hundred thousand dollars a year. Upon the staffs of Major Generals, at the heads of regiments, there were several millionaires; but the gentleman of whom we speak, Elias Howe, Jr.—the inventor of the sewing-machine—served in the ranks of the Seventeenth Connecticut, and refused every offer of a commission, alleging as a reason that he was ignorant of military affairs, and could render no effective service to his country except as a private. Having had occasion recently to gather information respecting the origin and progress of the sewing-machine, I heard the story of Mr. Howe's establishment and service from the officers of his regiment, and now avail myself of the inventor's absence from the country to repeat it.

He enlisted in July, 1862—the second year of the war. The country, as we all remember, had put forth prodigious efforts to repair the calamity of Bull Run. An immense army had been assembled on the banks of the Potomac, which, after a long winter spent in drilling it, had been swiftly conveyed to Virginia and successfully landed at Yorktown. That proved to be the end of its success. Stopped for a month at Yorktown, until Richmond was ready to withstand it, that mighty host of devoted men came within sight of the steeples of the Confederate capital; whence, after a succession of mishaps, reverses, and defeats, it was driven back to the James, and was soon after ordered back to its old position on the Potomac. Nothing in the history of the war seems to me so remarkable as the high spirit and unshaken resolution of the people after the disasters so terrible, so unexpected, and so peculiarly calculated to dishearten a nation so unused to war.

It was July, 1862. The army was still on the James, protected by the gunboats of the navy. A new levy of troops was ordered. Until this time, men had not hung back, and new regiments had come in about as fast as they could be equipped. But, in July of this year, when the ripening harvest called farmers to their fields, and the tidings of defeat gave pause to those inclined to enlist, the forming regiments filled slowly, and there were vague rumors in the air of a possible draft. Then it was that it occurred to some gentlemen of Bridgeport, Connecticut, to raise a county regiment, the several companies of which should be composed of friends and neighbors. It was an excellent and fruitful thought. The sanction of Governor Buckingham was obtained, and a public meeting was called for July 17th, to begin the work.

The public anxiety as well as the patriotism of the people of Bridgeport caused this to be one of the largest and most earnest meetings ever held in town. Mr. Howe attended it, and sat upon the platform as one of the Vice Presidents. When the meeting had been organized, it was addressed by several speakers, who raised the enthusiasm of the crowd to the highest point. Money was liberally subscribed for the expenses of the proposed regiment—Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson heading the list with five thousand dollars, and Elias Howe following with one thousand. The whole sum raised was twenty-five thousand dollars. This was encouraging, and it was then to be seen how the citizens of Bridgeport would respond to the call for services more perilous and more necessary than the subscribing of money.

When the time came for inviting men to enlist, Mr. Howe—to the astonishment of his friends, for he had never before addressed a public meeting—rose to his feet and spoke somewhat as follows: "At such a time as this, every man is called upon to do what he can for his country. I don't know what I can do unless it is to enlist and serve as a private in the Union army. I want no position. In fact, I know nothing of military matters, but I am willing to learn and do what I can with a musket. At any rate, I mean to go. I have in my hand a piece of paper for the names of those who wish to enlist to-night, and my name is at the head of it."

With these words, he laid the paper upon the chairman's table. The excitement produced by this announcement can neither be imagined nor described. Mr. Howe was known to every person present as one of the wealthiest men in the State, whose residence at Iranistan was as pleasant and attractive a scene as could be anywhere found; and to exchange this for the privations of the camp seemed to the audience a most remarkable evidence of patriotic principle. Cheer upon cheer expressed and relieved the feelings of the excited multitude.

The next incident that occurred was

one in which the comic and the pathetic were blended. The coachman who had driven Mr. Howe's carriage that evening, attracted by the continued cheering within the hall, had hired a boy to hold his horses, and had entered the building to witness the proceedings. He was a warm-hearted Irishman, named Michael Cahill, and was past the age of military service as defined by law. Upon hearing his employer's speech, he rushed forward, and clambering upon the platform, cried out:

"Pat down my name, too! I can't bear to have the old man go alone!" So down went the name of Michael Cahill, coachman, next to that of Elias Howe. Laughter and cheers, mingled in about equal proportions, followed the announcement of "Mike's" intentions. Other names now came in with great rapidity. A large number of men were obtained that night, and such zeal and enthusiasm were created in the county by the events of the evening, that in twenty days the Seventeenth Connecticut had upon its rolls the names of one thousand men. It was commanded by Col. H. H. Noble, one of the leading lawyers of Bridgeport.

A difficulty arose when Mr. Howe had to be examined by the surgeon of the regiment, Dr. Hubbard. All his life, the inventor of the sewing-machine has been troubled with a hereditary lameness. Indeed, it was owing to the extreme fatigue which his daily labor as a journeyman machinist caused him, in consequence of this lameness, that he set about inventing something by which he hoped to earn his living less laboriously. The probability is, that if Elias Howe had two good legs, he never would have invented the sewing-machine. When Dr. Hubbard hesitated about accepting him, and told him he could not march:

"No matter," said the inventor, "you must pass me. I am going!" Both the officers and men of the regiment soon discovered that to have a man in a regiment who is both rich and generous is extremely convenient. To some of the field officers he gave horses from his stable, and to others he lent them, and whenever there was delay or difficulty in procuring an article necessary for the regiment's speedy departure, his purse was always open to supply the deficiency. Early in September, the regiment started on its way to the seat of war, and went into camp near Baltimore.

When the camp was organized and the regiment entered upon its routine of duties, Mr. Howe discovered that the doctor was right; he could not march with a musket in his hand, even to the extent of standing sentry. But determined to be of service, he volunteered to serve the regiment as its postmaster, messenger and expressman. Sending home for a suitable horse and wagon, he drove into Baltimore twice every day, and brought to the camp the letters and parcels for the regiment, which he distributed from his own tent with his own hands. He served, in short, as the father of the regiment. Going home, occasionally, to Bridgeport, where he was then building a large factory, he always gave notice of his intention, and made his journey with a small cargo of letters and bundles for the families of his comrades, and took unwearied pains in performing every commission entrusted to him. As one of the officers said to me, "He would run half over the State to deliver a letter to some lonely mother anxious for her soldier boy, or bring back to him in the camp a favorite pair of boots, which he needed during the rainy winter of Maryland."

I once heard Mr. Howe relate a curious anecdote of one of these journeys. He was sitting in the cars, behind two wild secessionists, who were conversing eagerly about the war. One of them said to the other:

"Yes, sir! the whole thing was got up for the purpose of giving fat contracts to the d-d abolitionists. There's old Howe, the sewing-machine man, worth his millions; they have actually given him the contract for carrying the mail to the army."

"You don't say so!" said the other.

"Tis a fact," rejoined his friend. "I saw Howe myself riding in one of the mail carts yesterday."

Mr. Howe smiled, but said nothing.

Another story of his warlike experience is related by Col. Stephen A. Walker, paymaster of the division to which Mr. Howe's regiment belonged.

For four months after the Seventeenth Connecticut entered the field, the government was so pressed for money that no payments to the troops could be made, and, consequently, there was great suffering among the families of the soldiers, and a still more painful anxiety was suffered by the men themselves. One day, a private soldier came quietly into the paymaster's office in Washington, and, as there were several officers already there to be attended to, he took his seat in the corner, to wait his turn. When the officers had been disposed of, Col. Walker turned to him and said:

"Now, my man, what can I do for you?"

"I have called," said the soldier, "to see about the payment of the Seventeenth Connecticut."

The paymaster, a little irritated by what

he supposed a needless and impertinent interruption, told him, somewhat bluntly, that "a paymaster could do nothing without money, and that until the government could furnish some, it was useless for soldiers to come bothering him about the pay of their regiments."

"I know," said the soldier, "the government is in straits, and I have called to find out how much money it will take to give my regiment two month's pay, and if you will tell me, I am ready to furnish the amount."

The officer stared with astonishment, and asked the name of the soldier, who was no other than Elias Howe. On referring to his books, Col. Walker found that the sum required was thirty-one thousand dollars. Upon receiving the information, the private wrote a draft for the sum, and received in return a memorandum certifying the advance, and promising reimbursement when the government could furnish the money.

Two or three days after, at Fairfax Court House, the regiment was paid, and there were a thousand happy men in camp. When Mr. Howe's name was called, he went up to the paymaster's desk, received twenty-eight dollars and sixty cents of his own money, and signed the receipt therefor, "Private Elias Howe, Jr." We cannot be surprised at some of the officers of neighboring regiments sending over to inquire if they could "borrow" this private for a while from the Seventeenth Connecticut.

During the winter, Mr. Howe was twice prostrated by sickness; first by dysentery, and afterwards by fever. It was proposed to convey him to the officers' hospital; but he insisted on being taken to the hospital of the privates, and to be treated in all respects as a private soldier. There was no difference, however, in essential points, between the hospitals for officers and those for private soldiers.

When the spring came, and the regiment was about to enter upon active service and to make long marches, it became clear to Mr. Howe that he could be nothing but an encumbrance, and, therefore, after rendering all the service which a man in his physical condition could render, he voluntarily asked a discharge and returned home. He used to say to the soldiers:

"I've got to leave you boys. I'm of no use here; but never mind; when your time is out, come to me at Bridgeport. I'm building a large sewing-machine factory there, and I shall have plenty of work for those who want it."

Many of his comrades took him at his word, and are now at work under him in various capacities. Honest "Mike," after faithfully serving out his term, went to his old home, and has advanced from driving Mr. Howe's carriage to driving his own horse and cart, which he is still doing.

Mr. Howe's enlistment to serve in the ranks of the army was due to a genuine patriotic impulse.

An officer of his regiment related to me a conversation which he had with him one gloomy day in camp, when bad news was coming in from the West.

"Well," said the officer, "what do you think the trash we call our property will be worth when this is all over?"

"So that this thing is settled right," said Mr. Howe, "I don't care a copper. As for me, give me three acres of ground, and I can earn my living upon it, and that's all I want."—James Parton.

## Address of the Union Republican State Cent. Committee.

COMMITTEE ROOMS, }  
HARRISBURG, Aug. 27, 1867. }  
To the People of Pennsylvania: }

FELLOW-CITIZENS: In a recent address from this committee, your attention was invited to sundry issues and principles involved in the pending canvass, and also to the political opinions and judicial decisions of George Sharpswood. A short review of the principal occurrences since the last State campaign is now considered proper. The contest of 1866 was fought, in the main, upon the amendments proposed by Congress to the Constitution of the United States. These were national issues; and on the one side were arrayed the Union Republican party and the "Boys in Blue," and on the other President Johnson, the Democratic party, and all the rebels and their sympathizers from one end of the Union to the other. On these momentous issues Pennsylvania rallied in her strength, and polled over one hundred and forty thousand more votes than at her preceding annual election. Election of the results were the triumphant election of Major-General John W. Geary for Governor, and the endorsement of Congress by the return of a delegation more unanimous for the right than ever known before in the history of the Commonwealth.

Other loyal States united with us, and the insane and wicked "policy" of President Johnson and of his new friends and allies was overwhelmed by the unprecedented and magnificent popular majority of four hundred thousand votes! Every State which had been faithful to the National Government and the cause of the Union during the war approved the proposed amendments. Every rebel State, except Tennessee, rejected them; and under the rebel provisional governments

created by President Johnson, rebel power resumed its authority and became dominant in their executive, legislative, and judicial departments. Vagrant and labor laws virtually re-enslaved the freedmen. Loyal men were outlawed and trampled under foot, and the revived spirit of the rebellion was everywhere triumphant.— Riots, murders, outrages, and assassinations were the order of the day, and security for either the lives or the property of loyal men was nowhere to be found.— Treason had front seats, loyalty had been made odious, and traitorous conspirators against the life of the nation were vindictive and rampant.

Such was the condition of public affairs in the South when Congress convened in December, 1866. This nation had solemnly resolved and voted that the Union should be restored on the basis of loyalty and justice, and to this end was the Fortieth Congress elected. Hence were passed the reconstruction laws, in execution of the recent popular verdict. The President vetoed them, refusing to accept or abide by the decision of the people, to whom he had so often and so vauntingly appealed. Congress re-enacted them over the vetoes by more than the required two-thirds, and they are now the laws of the land. Under them, including the amendments of last session, reconstruction is rapidly progressing, and would doubtless ere long be successfully accomplished but for the persistent obstructions by the President, in defiance of Congress and the popular will. Justice is being done; loyal men, white and black, have been protected from the malice of defeated rebels; treason, in a measure at least, has "been made odious," and traitors have been compelled "to take back seats," as Andrew Johnson, in a lucid interval, declared they should. Even the better portion of the rebels admit the justice of these reconstruction laws, and cheerfully acquiesce in their provisions. General James Longstreet, a distinguished rebel officer, in a recent published letter from New Orleans, expresses himself as follows:

"I shall set out by assuming a proposition that I hold to be self-evident, viz: The highest of human laws is the law that is established by appeal to arms. The great principles that divided political parties prior to the war were thoroughly discussed by our wisest statesmen. When compromise was unavailing, discussion was renewed and expedients were sought, but none could be found to suit the emergency. Appeal was finally made to the sword, to determine which of the claims was the true construction of constitutional law. The sword has decided in favor of the North, and what they claimed as principles cease to be principles and are become law. The views that we hold cease to be principles because they are opposed to law. It is, therefore, our duty to abandon ideas that are obsolete and conform to the requirements of law. The military bill and amendments are peace offerings. We should accept them as such, and place ourselves upon them as the starting point from which to meet future political issues as they arise."

Jeff. Thompson, another rebel general, in a late letter to George D. Prentice, Esq., endorses the reconstruction laws of Congress thus:

"The Confederate Government wiped out States' rights the first year of its existence, a bloody war wiped out slavery and wiped out the Confederacy, so they are obsolete ideas, and the plain question now presented is: 'Will you accept citizenship under our terms as contained in this law? and I emphatically answer, yes!'"

It is greatly to be regretted that terms which are so acceptable to the fighting rebels of the South should be so distasteful and cause so much clamor from their non-combatant sympathizers in the North.

The enemies of the United States having been finally defeated in battle, united their efforts to elect sympathizers from the North, and to procure the admission of enough rebels from the South to enable them, through Congress, to attain what they had lost in the field. This programme was frustrated by the loyal people at the ballot-box in the election of the Fortieth Congress.

Defeated in open war, and again in Congress, these baffled conspirators, as a last resort, are endeavoring to save "the lost cause" through the courts. They deny that anything has been settled by the war, and boldly proclaim that "all these grave, pending questions" must be decided, "just in fact, as they would have been decided had they arisen eight years ago, or had no war taken place." (Philadelphia Age, July 8.) They not only deny the constitutional power of Congress to impose terms upon the rebel States or people, but deny that Congress itself is a lawful body, because the rebel States are unrepresented. Hence, the recent application to the Supreme Court of the United States for injunctions to nullify the reconstruction laws of Congress in Mississippi, Georgia, and other rebel States. In the same interest, and of the same character, is the nomination of George Sharpswood, a well known and life-long State-rights man, for the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. He judicially denies the power of Congress to issue paper money, or to give it value by making it a legal tender. (Borio vs. Troit, Legal Intelligencer of March 18, 1864, page 92.)

Judges Thompson and Woodward, of the same court, not only announce these same doctrines in the case of *Mervine vs. Sailor et al.*, (Legal Intelligencer of June 16 and 30, 1865, pages 188 and 205,) but in the case of *Kneeder et al. vs. Lane et al.* (9 Wright's Reports, page 238,) denied the power of Congress in time of war to draft men into the military service. The principles declared in these decisions were as hostile to the national existence and perpetuity as any assault ever made by General Lee and his armed legions at Gettysburg or elsewhere. It requires no argument to demonstrate that if these decisions on currency and the draft had prevailed and become the established law of the land, success in the war would have been more impossible than if the rebel army at Richmond had been reinforced with half a million of men. Is it safe, therefore, to place another man, entertaining these opinions, on the Supreme bench of the State?

Forewarned should be forearmed.— These Superior Courts are now the "last ditch" of the rebellion; and the country calls upon the "Boys in Blue," and every loyal voter, to rally once more to the rescue. Complete your county and township organizations without delay. With this thoroughly done, victory is sure; without it, there is danger. Revive at once everywhere the loyal leagues and associations which proved of such vast service during the war. Let every patriotic man feel that he has something to do in the good work, and proceed forthwith to do it with all his might. Exclude all side issues, local quarrels, and personal aspirations, and labor only for the public good. Be not deceived by the stale clamor about negro equality and negro suffrage.

These worn-out hobbies were supposed to have been ridden to death at our last two annual elections, when, as now, they were declared by our enemies to be the great issues of the contest. They are now raised up and brought upon the track again, mounted by the same riders, and destined to the same ignoble end. Be not discouraged by the vain boasting of our adversaries. They have been ignominiously defeated in every contest for years, and cannot now prevail against us. The loyal and patriotic people of the State have heretofore nobly sustained us, and the cause of the country. — no heavy pressure and discouragement of drafts, taxation, bereavement, and carnage, and when nothing but an abiding faith in an overruling Providence and in the justice of our cause enabled us to see the end.— Surely there can be no faltering now, when the goal is almost reached, and when one more united rally for our principles and our flag will enable us to secure the ripe fruits of the late dreadful civil war, and to garner them safely for ourselves and our children.

We stand over the ruins of a gigantic rebellion, the most formidable enemy ever encountered by republican institutions.— We stand close to the graves of three hundred thousand of our noblest men, who counted their lives well spent when offered freely for Liberty and Union. In the presence of their speechless but eloquent dust; in the presence of the doubting and sneering enemies of our free Government, at home and abroad; in full view of the oppressed millions, who from beneath crushing despotisms watched our flag, with tears and hopes, and prayers, throughout the four long years of bloody conflict; before the rapidly coming millions of the future; before a God of justice, and in the name of all that makes faithfulness to Him, and honor among men, we stand pledged to secure and maintain forever the principles for which our brothers died.

By order of the committee.

F. JORDAN, Chairman.  
GEO. W. HAMERSLEY,  
J. ROBLEY DUNGLISON, Secretaries.

The Indiana Messenger says that some months ago a company was organized in Painesville for the purpose of boring for oil in that vicinity. The proper boring tools were brought into requisition, and a well put down to the depth of six hundred feet, when a vein of salt water was tapped, which, on withdrawing the drill, rose rapidly to the surface, and now flows up in a swift stream, rising in the air about ten feet above the mouth of the well. The oil project was abandoned, and the well was permitted to flow uninterrupted until about two months since, when the citizens took charge of the well, weatherboarded the derrick, which had been left standing, and made other improvements in the immediate neighborhood, and are now in the enjoyment of a very excellent bathing-house. The ladies of the vicinity are permitted the privilege of bathing from 9 a. m., till 4 p. m., after which time the male portion of the community are allowed the opportunity of enjoying the use of the water. An enthusiastic friend, who has been on a visit to that place, declares that the healthful purity and cleansing properties of the water are not surpassed by any bathing establishment in the country; that it leaves the flesh clear and brilliant; invigorates the entire system in a wonderful manner, and altogether decides it one of the institutions of the times.

—Queen Victoria was born in 1819, and is therefore 48 years old.

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